

THE
EXCLAMES
OF
RHODOPÆA.

To the lamentable Death of
the most Noble Marquess
of *MONTROSE*.

George Dames
Together with a reflection to his most
Honourable Exequies in the great Church
of *EDINBURGH*.

Written formerly, and now published
at his Honourable Interment,



Printed in the Year, 1661.



Unique

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See Harl. Misc Vol
VII for a Tract
dated 1661 on the
Funeral of the
Marquess of
Montrose

C. 38. b. 27

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AS the bringing in of Cromwel, after his Victory
 over our selves, into the Castle of Edinburgh;
 and shewing him all our great things, looked like the
 reception of the Ambassadors of Babel in Jerusalem:
 so therein was prefigured his shamelesse Victory over that
 place which followed. And to that purpose then, (not with-
 out mine own pathetic, and in this ejaculation, I express
 my self. Wherefore, and because it containeth what was
 seen in the causes thereof now accomplished, and amongst
 the rest, the honour of this day; I have made this which
 had not confidence to look the Sun before in the face,
 my mite; Howsoever too familiar for this time, and
 even below what I think my present.



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THE
EXCLAMES
OF
RHODOPE.

Drapèr'd Rhodope with flowers and gods,
Is blasted now, blown, blow'n from their abodes.
The mountains Angelina, her Roles fall,
Fair Rhodopea weeps; and most of all,
The guardian Genius of the Kingdoms, at
The horror thereof shrinks: God just and great
Leaves man unto himself: Man doth what none
Dare speak of now; nor ever world saw done,
Which after age will, to th' eternal fame,
Of him who's dead; and the wide worlds great shame,
Who kill'd him for the fault, for which no man
Did ever yet die, since the world began.

That heavenly piece of Empyrum, out
Of the supremst of all the heavens cut;
Inspired with a soul, appearing through
His more material translucence, with no

Lesse then what is above man, Great *Montrose*,
 Who to be loyal before greatnesse choie.
 And when our expeditious horses did,
 Beyond a Subjects common mark proceed :
 And on the borders of Soveragnity,
 Took unto them too wide a liberty ;
 He in his circle, at his own poast stay'd,
 And what is come to passe out on us cry'd
 When we, what was the good gift of God, thought
 The Covenant within our Kingdom brought ;
 And did our walls threatning the clouds divide,
 And gates capacious to it opened wide,
 Which hath so many armed men let out,
 Whom by our wilddom we did make so stout.
 Who with a high born hand undid the King
 And did on fire it self set, and will bring
 Our State and Church into confusion and
 Threatneth with ruine to subdue our Land :
 He, when the fatall ropes thereof we drew
 Exclaim'd no credit to the horse give you,
 But as Divine the who the overthrow
 Of her own Countrey did to it forshew,
 And was not heeded till all was undone,
 And all the Towers of *Troy* were overthrow :
 When they would gladly have prevented what
 They else might done to have preserv'd their State,
 So this great Man in the own causes cry'd
 Th'event of what we have found true and try'd,
 What reason and what opposition could
 Do, to prevent what he to us foretold,
 And

And warn'd us of our enemies falshood, and
 The ruine of the King and of the Land
 By those with whom we were so far combin'd
 In action, one, much probable in mind;
 And to the cause did set a brest of Brasse
 To the prevention of what's come to passe,
 And when we saw, that if we had done so,
 We had far lesse then now we have to do,
 And even were glad the cause to take in hand
 Which he by word and deed had so maintain'd.
 The abstract and the looking-glasse wherein
 Antiquities Nobility did shine
 In maintenance of no Ide as
 Others have done and let the substance passe,
 Did by his valour win the Kingdom, and
 Before him did acquiet the whole Land,
 And did the willing Subject in head bring
 Of just obedience to their native King
 For all which he had said or done, or we
 By black experience had so found to be,
 Without respect to God or man, or King,
 Or what our selves might on our selves thus bring,
 By paying way to others to be trode,
 In a respectlesse to Noble Blood,
 To be hang'd for their faults another day
 When Justice happily again might sway.
 We did condemn him without hearing, nor
 Suffered his innocence, in his cause, more
 Or lesse to speak, but haied him at length,
 Where after triumph he dyed in full strength;

And with him many a guiltlesse and poore soule
 Were partly kill'd, and partly purg'd in roll
 With that black fever, which ere they did breath
 The wholsome air, seal'd, which they dy'd their death,
 And as when full, with all her store the Moon
 At rising of the Sun doth then go down;
 So when the King much like a full Bridgroom
 Or strong man like to run his race, did from
 His Tabernacle or Chamber come, he rose
 And all his Suits did see, and brought all these
 Drummond and Dalgerie did come in her
 Like morning ones, and he did disappear.
 This was the end of this great Man whose breath
 His nostrils held, content her with his death,
 Nor with the manner: But to let men see
 By his example what Nobilitie
 Respect hath to plead for, when this strange theme
 May turn'd about be to our play again.
 We with the wicked gave him not a grave,
 Nor it allow'd his quartered Corps to have;
 And further did, then my tongue will tell
 That he is inbrued be, with the telling it.
 Which was not thy misfortune man, great soul'd
 Which brought thee to what unheard rigour could
 Commence on wickednesse, nor in thee fault,
 Which thee above thy self did so exalt.
 But it was God who did it to his Glory
 Which will be seen in end of thy death's story,
 When the 4000 of thy blood shall come,
 When thou shalt not a Clay be to run

For refuge too, or for all those who hath
 Been brought before to an untimely death,
 By such a violence unheard before,
 Sometimes in *Boston* without *Quarter*, or
 By Law, against the Law, which for my part
 I ever thought me bound to in my heart
 And swore to have maintain'd; And many one,
 Who in the quarrel have their lives laid down,
 The least part of us all, from *Straw*, who
 Was first, to *Drummond* last, which well known two
 Did close the bedroll ends, which did contain
 So many of us all, as have been slain
 And 'mongst the rest, Thou great Duke *Hamilton*,
 Although thy blood did not our streets run down,
 Thy death was e're thou dy'd, applauded by
 A volley of our great Artillery;
 In thy great Armies fatal overthrow,
 Which we undid, and Victor made our foe,
 Unto whose triumphs we his Trophies made,
 And in his honour set out all we had,
 Glory and strength, and to our strong Holds brought
 The Enemy who flame and loss had wrought;
 That arch of Traitors who it seconded
 By doing after of a far worse deed,
 In putting in the Lords Anointed hand
 Whom we, though not sworn ought to have maintain'd,
 The world but one eye had, and he it quit
 put out, and dim'd both us and him in it.
 No King Protestant was more upon earth
 To whom he suffer'd not air to give breath,

And

And as we had been emulous, a little,
 After the great breaking of that but bridle
 Vessell, which glorious his soul held, which shall
 Shine, to give light, to their destruction all,
 Who either to the Altar bound or cut
 So innocent a sacrifices throat,
 To the attonement whereof if Arte
 Might make imperchment where there is no part,
 Old *Huntley's* blood was shed, who yet did never
 Much evil, and was forced to deliver
 His soul up, on the passion eve to be
 A sprinkling our door posts upon, when the
 Destroying Angel of God shall passeover,
 Judgement to execute on whosoever,
 Hath broke the oath of God, or our have stood
 In th'evil matter of the Royal Blood:
 Or the Arch-traitor come back to review
 What needlessly our follies our foe shew
 (Which never yet was fortunate) who may
 Be master of the same and bear away
 What he before had seen, when God may let
 Us see, he hath no, blessing given to it.
 These *Agni's Deis* are on the fatal threed,
 Whereon the number of our stain are threed:
 Which the whole world hath taken, and a chain
 Thereof made it about our necks to hang,
 Whereon these Noble two Peers do make up
 A carbuncle on either shoulders top,
 And thou *Montrase*, who more then all the rest
 Didst sit for thy Master, shimest in the breast,
 Whereat

Whereat the Tablet hangs which of all there
 The *Phoenix* Jewel is, nor other where,
 Wherein is Printed the eternal face,
 Flushing his Royal Innocence and Grace,
 We killed Thee; the day when we our King
 Did in our *Israel* receive to reign,
 For fighting for thy Sovereign, when he fled
 O're *Jordan*, where his Sacred Blood was shed,
 And ere the Red blusht on the White and spread
 The Rose were cropped, and the tree was sued,
 And his kind friends only themselves content,
 On th'oderiferous sweetnesse of his scent,
 Which when cold North did on his Garden blow,
 Did from the perfumes of his Spices flow,
 Into the Air innobling so him by
 The Incense of a lasting memory;
 When we who now joy, may as sore lament
 When time shall make a late time to repent,
 Let us that mistake colour as we will
 No colour will be to put on that ill,
 And as the world hath now seen one, will see
 Another as sad a catastrophe.

The Lord of all things had before decreed,
 The time he lived, and the time he died,
 Which being now come to a period, he
 Gave him into our hands, this death to die,
 That our cup thereby being better fill'd,
 All of us might, who should be killed, kill'd
 And inexcusable made that God may
 Be just when he condemneth us, and they

The

The Crown gain of their labour : Gainst what hath
 Been seal'd, it seems, with signet of Gods wrath.
 Whereto example nor command had yet,
 World nor reproof for not doing that great
 Work, which hath such confusion State brought on,
 And Church, that from the Beggar to the Throne
 An universall suffering hath been, and
 With guiltlesse dying blood is fill'd the Land,
 Murder'd is King, State, and Religion lost,
 And what we thought to have maintained most,
 And what we surest thought to stand and swore,
 In such a manner never done before.
 However, God did bring him to his end,
 Who most the Kingly Interest did defend :
 That debt of death since he was once to pay,
 Though circumstances odious make the way,
 He but Gods business joyn'd to his own
 As't in his way lay, who them both hath done.
 His soul the world but left, and now is gone
 Unto the heavenly Mansions tendered one :
 The wings of Angels, or convey'd did fly,
 Loos'd from the carnal fetters of her clay,
 In twinkling of an eye, as all before
 Him, so the Saints did passe into their glory,
 And his Great Master, when upon the brink,
 His Sacred Head bow'd down to take a drink,
 Of the fair River of Eternity,
 He was detour'd of immortality,
 So, in a moment, what no charitie
 Can otherwise judge, hath he perch'd so high.

'Tis true, he's thought a murderer by the State, And
 And by the Church is Excommunicate,
 And who are bound or loosed here below,
 Are bound in heaven and loosed are also,
 Which either groundlesse makes our charity,
 Or what in both I would be loath to say :
 Yet if what Church or State have done agree,
 With what example or command can be
 In Word of God, then all is true is done,
 And in the end the event will it crown.
 We Reformation did intend, but mean
 Took thereto, which, if God did it ordain,
 It doth transcend the model of what either,
 Nature or he bestow'd upon me ever :
 Nor for Religion or securitie,
 Did world hear like, or will it justifie.

But thou who shuttest, and canst open, and
 The key of that clos'd Cabin hast in hand,
 Wherein, if subtilties be lockt, which fret
 The cloak will, which hath palliate our State,
 Once open thou, and that Gold but on string
 Cut, wherewith we the cloak about us hing,
 And let it fall, and all the mysteries
 Of State discover, and iniquities
 If any be : Or if it be mistake
 Or prejudice which us beyond us take,
 Or led by any zeal to do more then
 God for himself did ever us ordain.

O Edinburray where those have been kill'd,
 Who's Carcasses have all thy ditches fill'd,

And

And where those never matched Counsel late,
 Which have in such a model cast our state:
 The Sun which hath those blind works seen, which none
 Else have, but what unto themselves are known,
 May see the shaine chang'd, which discover shall
 The mystery wherein infolded all.
 The pack of these brest businessses are
 Which hath destruction made, boordshed and War,
 And either shall see loof'd that Gordian knot,
 Or bundle of our great it mistakes see cut,
 Or our eyes opened; that the wonders we
 May of thy Law see, when all those shall be
 Who should be killed; kill'd; and time about
 Be punish't for the fault we never thought.

O Thou who dwellest in the extreames of light,
 And ends inhabitest of infinit,
 To which is no acceffe, nor eye of man
 Did ever penitrat, nor enter can
 The secret thereof, wit: O Thou who hast
 All things of nothing made, and even them cast
 In mould of excellence; and each in it
 Kind dutifull made, and the world hath set
 In heart of man, who yet the work cannot
 From the beginning wrought by thee find out:
 Grant me humility; and to suspend
 My judgement, till I see in things an end.
 But mean while give me leave thus much to say,
 I search have made, and only this found I,
 That God hath made men upright, but they have
 Many inventions sought which them deprave.

none

To the most Honoured Exequies
of the Great and Blessed
MONTROSE.

That Heavenly piece of Empyræum, out
Of the supream'st of all heavenly, cut ;
Inspired with a soul, appearing throw
His more material tralucence, with no
Lesse then what is above man ; Great Montrose ,
Who to be Loyal before greatnesse chose ;
When by mans wisdom, without Gods, the King,
Church, State had murdered, darkned, ruin'd been ;
He through blood waded, with a brest of Brasse
To the prevention of what's come to passe,
And when he had done all, he up at last,
In the flame, which had him still burned past :
Where he above is Angell'd, and below
To their shame's honoured , who repent it now.

J. M. O.